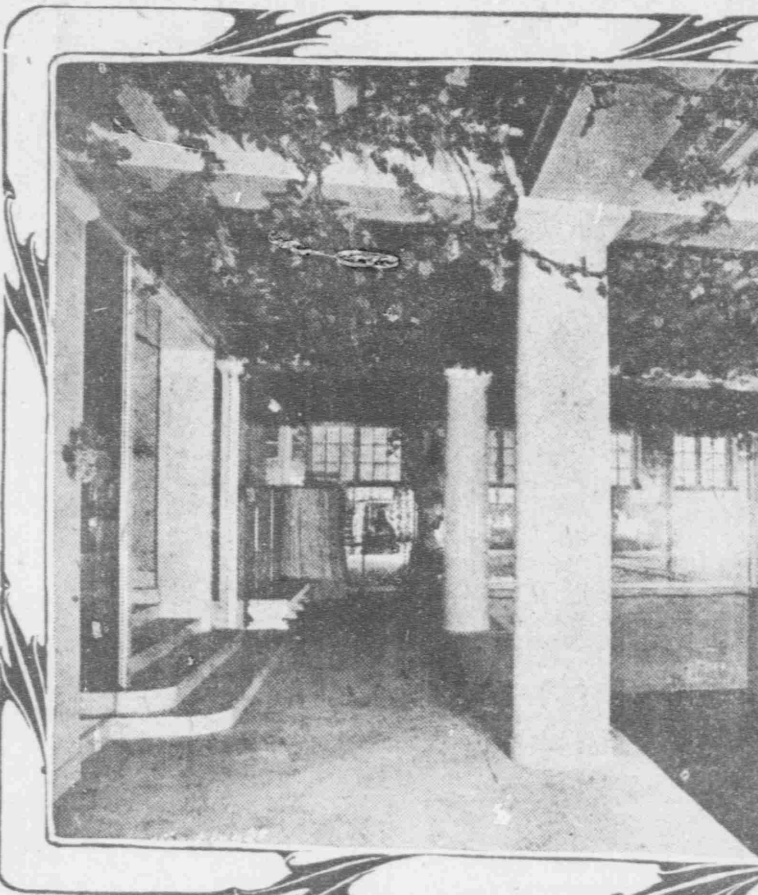


Where Women Like Men, CAN DO AS THEY PLEASE

No Ban On Cigarette or Cocktail

The cigarette and the cocktail, or the "lively mineral water" that David Harum talked about, as well as other exhilarators, are as much a matter of course in the lively Colony Club of New York—rendezvous of the Mrs. John Jacob Astor set—as in any men's club in the country.

This \$500,000 club, resembling an old English tavern, is fitted to give the women every privilege, comfort, and pleasure known to men in their organizations.



WHITE MARBLE PLUNGE.

Where Metropolitan "Mermaids" Disport Themselves Under a Make-Believe Grape Arbor.

Liveliest Pace Ever Attempted on This Side of Atlantic Is Set by Wives and Daughters of Rich.

HAVE women turned the tables at last? Are club women the United States over to do as they please, "just like the men?"

These questions are stirring the brains and setting the hearts of many wealthy men in New York a-flutter.

In the fashionable Colony Club of that city—strictly for women, if you please—the gay clubman, be he Bachelor or Benedict, is set a pace that he "will have to GO some" to surpass.

And let all who have been wont to spend those "quiet evenings at the club"—BEWARE—for "wife" may have her own club now—with just about every attraction in it that the husband finds in his—and "a little bit more."

SO, she may no longer be content patiently to await the uncertain and untimely home-coming of her "lord and master" when the dawn pales the edges of the night—NO!

He may have to do something like that himself.

New York, Oct. 13. GAYETY in the smart Colony Club is beginning to wake up with October. When this costly rendezvous of the millionaire class—the Mrs. John Jacob Astor set—was opened last spring with a \$500,000 flourish, every clubwoman in the country, it is safe to say, promptly looked through her lorgnette and raised her eyebrows. For these are some of the things to be found therein:

Sleeping apartments, with lathes and lockers, for the fair cigarette smoker.
Wine-closets for the convivially inclined.
Cuisine most tempting until midnight.
White marble pool for near-mermaids.
Roof garden to foil the summer nights.
Every equipment for athletic sports.
This woman's club sets the liveliest

pace ever attempted on this side of the Atlantic, and is matched only by the smart set of London, where titled women have long copied the manners and customs of the clubman.

However startled was the conventional clubwoman in America, who braces to the solution of "problems" with only a strong brew of tea, the real life of the Colony Club was not inaugurated at that time because, forsooth, most of the 1,000 members soon set out for summer pleasures. Now, one by one they are dropping into this delightful clubhouse—in looks like an old New England tavern—the last architectural work of the late Stanford White, by the way—and the various committees, in confidential conversation on the capacious davenport, are industriously making out the winter schedule.

It is apparent, even at the outset of this first winter's season, that most of the members purpose to exercise to the full their newly found prerogative of enjoying what have previously been the sacred privileges of the men's clubs. Take cigarette smoking, for instance.

When the club was opened, the interested onlookers thought all these fair representatives of New York's foremost families being admitted, after this semi-public fashion, to the iniquitous nicotine, would go up in smoke; but they didn't. A communicative member couldn't the other day that a large majority of the members

indulge, and far from losing the pleasure to the beautiful vine-clad trellis room on the first floor, as was originally intended, the women smoke in the cafe after luncheon or

lunch, in negligee in the lounging room after a plunge into the white marble pool, on the roof garden, and even in the strangers' reception room at the very front door. This is seldom done in the strangers' reception room, it must be admitted, for even the more radical members do not approve of flaunting their small vices on the sidewalk, so to speak; but it really occurred only the other day, when one of the younger members hurried downstairs to see a gentleman caller on important business, and, quite thoughtlessly, as she expatiated she puffed.

The cigarette and the Colony Club happen to be a burning issue at present because Miss Lucy Page Gaston, of Chicago, who is recognized as the most ardent anti-cigarette agitator of the country, has been in New York lately. As she stopped at the woman's hotel around the corner, known as the Martha Washington, it is inferred that she looked down on to the roof garden of the Colony Club, where, as one member puts it, the "women smoke from morning till night." However it be, Miss Gaston sent the club a bunch of pledges whereby they may promise, "with the help of God," to abstain from the cigarette and the cocktail.

No official notice has been taken of the pledges, notwithstanding the anti-cigarette crusader seductively offered to send little red ribbons and anti-cigarette buttons to those who would sign. Meantime the boxes of cigarettes continue to be ordered by the wholesale, and each one bears the official stamp of the club, in that it has

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As to the cocktail, which also agitated Miss Gaston, it continues to be sanctioned by the fair board of governors, though it is not nearly as popular as the cigarette. Not long ago the club ran amuck of an obstacle when the deacons of the Madison Square Baptist Church, across the street, obdurately announced that as their church was within 200 feet of the club they would invoke the law on their side, and refuse to allow these society women a liquor license. The tea card of the club, to be sure, only exploits such soft drinks as lemon squash and orange phosphate, but every visitor to the club encounters the "lively mineral water" that David Harum talked about, and other exhilarating fizzes. The pastor of the church suddenly resigned, and members of this all-powerful club will confidently tell you the resignation is another chapter of the same story. At any rate, the "liquor-license" impediment has been overcome by private lookers for individual members, and, in dire emergency, by employing the ever-obliging doctor's prescription.

THE ROOF GARDEN.
A Favorite Haunt in Warm Weather Is the Open Lounging Place, Overrun With Greenery.

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BECAME ACTOR BY DANCING NINE DAYS ON LONDON ROAD

IN his article on the "Morris Dance," in Harper's Magazine, a quaint survival of old times still seen in English towns on May day, Max Beerholm tells of a famous dancer who danced his way from Norwich to London—a feat that occupied nine whole days.

"Such a one was William Kemp, who, at the age of seventeen, and in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, danced from his native village to London, where he educated himself and became an actor. Perhaps he was not a good actor, for he presently reverted to the Morris. He danced all the way from London to Norwich, and wrote a pamphlet about it—Kemp's Nine Days' Wonder, performed in a dance from London to Norwich. Containing the pleasures, pains, and kind entertainment of William

Kemp, between London and that City, in his late Morris."

"He seems to have encountered more pleasures than pains. Gentle and simple, all the way, were very cordial. The gentle entertainers, him in their mansions by night. The simple danced with him by day. In Sudbury there came a lusty tall fellow, a butcher by his profession, that would in a Morris keep me company to Bury. I gave him thanks, and forward we did set; but ever we had measured halfe a mile of our way, he gave me over in the plain field, protesting he would not hold out with me; for, indeed, my pace in dancing is not ordinary."

"As he and I were parting, a lusty country lassie being among the people, cald him faint-hearted out, saying: 'If I had begun to dance, I would have held out one myle, though it had cost my life.' At which words many laughed. 'Nay,' saith she, 'if the dancer will

lend me a leash of his belles, I'll venture to treade one myle with him myself."

"I lookt upon her, saw mirth in her eyes, heard boldness in her words, and beheld her ready to tucke up her russet petticoate; and I stood her with bels, which she merrily talking, garnisht her thicke short legs, and with a smooth brow had the tabur begin. The drum strucke; forward marcht I with my merry Mayde Merian, who shook her stout sides, and footed I merrily to Melford, being a long myle. There parting with her besides her skinnfull of drinke, and English crowne to buy more drinke; for, good wench, she was in a pittious heate; my kindness she requited with dropping a dozen good courtesies, and bidding God blesse the dancer. I bade her adieu; and to give her her due, she had a good ease, daunst truly, and wee parted friends."

"Kemp, you perceive, wrote as well as he danced. I wish he had danced less and written more."

Live on 30 Cents a Day

A man can live in New York on thirty cents a day, and when he has a little saved up, and is willing to do almost any honest thing to earn an extra dime or dollar, he can get along for many months.

There are restaurants there where a meal can be had for five cents; fifteen cents will supply three meals, and fifteen cents more will get a night's lodging in any one of several respectable, clean lodging houses, so a man who is reduced to live there recently said to a person in the City Hall Park. He added New York is a better place than the country. "Being shabby," said he, "I

can walk around the streets of New York without attracting the slightest attention, but on my appearance in a village or even in a small city some one would begin to watch me, I would be discussed in whispers in the corner grocery store, and it would not be long before the town marshal would have me in the lockup on suspicion."

This interview is noteworthy from the fact that a person can live in this city at thirty cents a day; and also that many a poor fellow who cannot get more than that amount, instead of thinking his case hopeless, should take a philosophical view of the situation.

GUILELESS GEOGRAPHERS

By far the nearest tale of Canadian mountaineering concerns Mrs. Brown and Harker—myths now relegated to the limbo of Mt. Iseram. In the palmy days alchemy fostered no such credulity as sways some scientific mapmakers. Unexciting Mt. Tillman, Alaska, which had decorated maps for fifteen years, where the writer in 1909 first found a

flat plain, or the rubbery height of St. Elias, which has hobbled between 12,000 and 20,000 feet (even Russell cheated it by a sheer half mile), are not even good jokes beside the 17,000 and 16,000 foot mountains, which from 1857 on have been engraved on each side of the pass at the head of Athabasca river, with the "Committee's Punch Bowl" between. A map might omit Great Slave Lake, but never the "punch bowl."

October 20, 1907